

Eng. Petry vol 27.
George, King of Great Britain and Ireland.
Serenissimo & Clementissimo PRINCIPI

GEORGIO

Magnæ Britanniae, &c.

Regi Potentissimo,

In Illud CICERONIS,

O Tempora! O Mores!

CARMEN!

(by John Keir)



LONDINI,

Typis H. WOODFALL, sub Capite Elzeviriano, extra
Templi Portam. M.DCC.XXIII.

Stemmiato & Clementino P. 1814

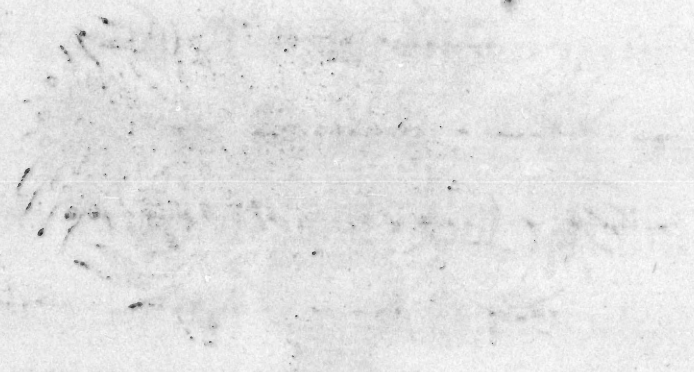
G E O R G I O

Magist. Illustris. Dec.

Rog. Potentissimo

In Ill. C. C. C. C. C.

Temporale & Mores!



1814

Typis H. Woodruff, sub Capite Electorali, C. C. C. C. C.
Templi Romani. M. DCCCXIII.



In Illud C I C E R O N I S,
O Tempora ! O Mores !



Conqueritur siquis Mores mala Tempora culpans,
 Causa Mali num sit, quærere sæpe decet.
 Publica Res dicat, fileat nec Mitra, novatne
 Rex aliquid, Regem culpa vel ulla premit ?
 Sacra, Bonas Artes, Commercia, Juraque Sancta,
 Quod colit, enutrit, sustinet usque vides.
 At querulis nequeunt Bona tot, Bona tanta placere,
 Civibus infanis non placet ipse DEUS:
 Si tacite officium faceres, *Tory* perfidiose,
 Tempora tum subito commodiora forent.
 Aulici & Illustres nequaquam Tempora iniqua,
 Sed faciunt Mores feditiose tui.
 Dum struis insidias laqueis vel carcere dignas,
 Impia supplicium Crimina nonne trahent ?
 Justitiam evadunt fugiendo sæpe Rebelles,
 Carcere perfracto fraude doloque vafro.
 Hoc sperare nefas sicut isti *Prestoniani*
 Ultorem gladium GEORGIVS ipse gerit.
 Est Pietas plures servare & tollere quosdam,
 Pessimus at noxam sanguine quisque luat.
 Attamen incautis veniam dedit inclytus Heros,
 Parcere nam miseris pectora magna solent.

Optima cum facerent famam subiisse malignam
 Regia fors Multis; Te meliora manent.
 Nil magis in votis cum sit quam regna videre
 Vestra salutiferis accumulata donis.
 Hinc Tua Laus, bone Rex, & Gloria scandet Olympum,
 Quippe Tuis Decus es Præsidiumque datus.
 Numinis auxilio nos æquum est credere tutos,
 Cum Regem & Populum Classis & Arma tegunt.
 Non deerunt Nautis Stipendia Militibusque,
 Nam tibi Gentis Opes Cordaque cuncta patent.
 Annuet & coëptis magnus sanctusque Senatus,
 Optime Rex, fieri quæ Tibi cunque placent :
 Securumque vetat belli trepidare tumultus,
 Sint procul at Lites, omnia tuta manent.
 Quin timeant hostes Cives in utrumque paratos,
 Foederibus pactis, Marteve pace frui.
Albion hosce parit quos Nemo impune laceffet,
 Quales vix peperit *Martia Roma* Viros.
 Quæcunque expugnat *Britonum* bellica Virtus
 Oppida Consilio parta tenere valet.
 Redde DEO gratas dilecta *Britannia* Laudes,
 Qui Regem & Sobolem fospitat atque beat.
 Eia Fores Divi referate ampla atria *Pauli*,
 Teque DEUM populi vox animusque canat.
 Incolumem fecit divina Potentia Regem,
 Spem, Columnen Regni Deliciasque sui.
 Quisquis at insurgit contra illum sic doceatur,
 Ut metuant reliqui tale patrare nefas.
 Vive Pater longa, Rex O dignissime, Vita,
 Maternæ parilis sit Tibi Vita, Vale.
 Ex animo dicat Populus Tibi subditus, *Amen* ;
 Talibus haud Votis ulla repulsa datur.



To the most Serene and most Gracious PRINCE

G E O R G E

Of *Great Britain, &c.*

THE

Most Potent King,

On that Saying of TULLY,

O the Times! O the Manners!

A

P O E M,

Translated from the *Latin.*



F Evil Times if any do complain,
And vicious Manners as the Cause arraign;
It's fit he often put the Question so,
If from himself the Evil doth not flow :
In Church and State no Innovation's made,
What can then 'gainst the King be justly said ?

B

Religion

Religion, Learning, Trade, and Sacred Laws,
 You see he loves, maintains with great Applause :
 So great, so many Blessings yet don't please
 The grumbling Brood of Faction nurs'd in Ease ;
 To maddish Subjects on Rebellion bent,
 The King of Kings can seldom give Content.
 Perfidious *Tory*, couldst thou once be brought
 To quiet Loyalty, and sober Thought,
 A Prosp'rous Flow of Years would soon succeed,
 Traffick and Credit would advance with speed.
 The Court and Ministry make not hard Times,
 But thy seditious Manners, and black Crimes,
 Whilst thou conspires, rebels, disturbs the State,
 Halts or Jayls are thy Desert and Fate ;
 Treason brings Ruin on the guilty Pate.
 Some have scap'd Justice, and the fatal Stroke,
 By fraud'lent Stratagems have Prison broke,
 Like *Preston*-Rebels ; no such Hopes remain,
 For *GEORGE* bears not th' avenging Sword in vain.
 There's Mercy sure in cutting off a few,
 To save the many of the Guilty Crew ;
 But perjur'd Traitors, wise States think it good,
 Should wipe their Crimes out with their tainted Blood.
 Yet our fam'd Hero's Clemency extends
 To such who mind not how Rebellion ends :
 Mens Miseries great Souls with Pity fill,
 And Parent Kings grieve Subjects Blood to spill.

Some Kings the hard Lot have, while doing good,
 To hear the worst, by hellish Lyes pursu'd :
 But our good Prince a better Fate attends,
 Were they his Judges who are not his Friends :
 His Kingdoms Happiness being most at heart,
 Their Welfare in the Whole, and every Part :
 Hence shall thy Virtues more triumphant rise,
 And will at last surmount the Starry Skies ;
 As God's Vicegerent sent by Order thence,
 To be three Nations Safety and Defence.
 With Reason too this Blessing we expect,
 When Fleets and Camps the King and Realm protect :
 Soldiers and Seamen have their punctual Pay ;
 Speak, Sir, our Hearts and Purses will obey.
 To this our Great and Sacred Senate stands
 Ready to grant what Royal GEORGE demands ;
 Secur'd by them from all Domestick Jarrs,
 He needs not fear th' Event of Foreign Wars.
 Discord be gone ; our Native Land's at rest,
 By none invaded, and by none oppress'd :
 Let haughty Foes then fear such to annoy,
 Who Peace by War or Treaties can enjoy ;
 Since *Albion* breeds Men of Heroick Race,
 With Safety none shall dare disturb their Peace :
 Such Warlike *Rome* could scarce produce or find
 In ancient Times, Men of a greater Mind :
 Witness what *British* Courage took from *Spain*,
 What with their Hands they took, their Heads maintain.

O dearest *Britain*, pay thy Tribute Praise
 To Him whose Shield defends Good Kings always,
 Our Prince and's Royal Progeny who protects,
 But Traitors and their Treason too detects.
 Unlock with Joy *St. Paul's* Majestick Dome,
 With Heart and Voice to sing *Te Deum* come.
 GOD saves the King, no Plot can him o'erwhelm;
 The Hope, the Strength, and Darling of the Realm.
 But whoso'er shall favour Insurrection,
 He must expect exemplary Correction;
 That Punishment condign may teach the rest
 To harbour no Disloyalty in their Breast.

Great KING adieu; Good PRINCE, for so thou art,
 Most fit to rule; Thou act'st a Father's part:
 Long may'st thou reign Victorious here on Earth,
 And match the Days of Her who gave Thee Birth!
 From's Heart let every Subject say *Amen*;
 GOD hears such Prayers from honest Loyal Men.



F I N I S.

